

More than two thousand American Indians were received into the Catholic Church last year.

On the third Sunday of Advent, Rev. Reynolds was raised to the sublime dignity of the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Vicar Apostolic of the Indian Territory.

During the Russian *fetes* at Paris, a cuirassier was unhorsed in the Place des Invalides and severely injured. Cardinal Richard, the Archbishop of Paris, who was passing, stopped his carriage, helped to lift the wounded man, and gave him his own vehicle to take him to the hospital. No wonder there were cries of "Long live the Cardinal!"

Some years ago, there appeared a cartoon in which Bismarck was represented at the door of St. Peter's, a rope tied around the cross upon the dome, and the Iron Chancellor pulling on it with all his might. Satan appeared on the scene and asked Bismarck what he was trying to do. "I am trying to pull down the Cross and upset this Church," replied Bismarck. "I wish you luck with your work," said Satan, "because I have been nearly nineteen hundred years trying the same thing, and I have not succeeded yet; but," continued his satanic majesty, "if you succeed, you may have my place; I will resign cheerfully, since you can say that you beat the devil." The above is commended for meditation to the persons who are reviving Knownothingism in this land of liberty.

A poor, wounded soldier in Richmond had been nursed for many days by a Sister without his discovering that she was a Catholic. One day, when near death, she asked him if he wished to see a minister, and told him she would send for any one he might name. He replied: "I have no religion, and know

nothing about it, but I do know that the Catholics are a wicked, miserable set." The Sister asked him if he had ever known a Catholic. "No," he replied, "but I have been told that they are very wicked." "What would you think of me if I should tell you that I am a Catholic?" "You, Sister; it is impossible." "Yes, I am a Catholic." "Then send for a priest. If you are a Catholic, I will become one." Another instance is related of a poor, dying man who was asked by the priest before baptizing him if he believed in the Holy Trinity. He turned to a Sister and asked: "Do you, Sister." "Yes," she replied. "Then so do I."

MOST IMPORTANT.

It is useless to appeal to the Imbecile American Parent. He is too numerous to reach. He belongs to the majority, and the majority is generally composed of fools. But we appeal to the American Parent who is in the minority, who is not imbecile, to consider the question of boys.

During these long winter evenings some amusement must be found for them at home or they will grow weary and discontented, and long for the interest supplied by the loungers on street corners.

Home must be a dreary place, indeed, when a boy will choose to shiver on a street corner in a wintry blast for several hours, rather than remain in it. In many cases, it is a dreary place, because neither of the guardians of the place—the "King and Queen of the Household," as Father Michael Mueller somewhere calls them—takes any trouble to make it cheerful.

If the boy were permitted to bring his friends home to a game of his own choosing, he would probably not long for the freedom of the street corner. But no! The parlor carpet might possibly suffer a little, or some orna-